

**Promise me we'll
be good to each
other**

killerqueer

Promise me we'll be good to each other by killerqueer

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-13

Updated: 2017-10-13

Packaged: 2020-01-26 13:25:08

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,862

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Beverly wasn't planning on ending up at Ben's door when she ran out of her father's apartment. She didn't know what she was planning, but she knew it wasn't this. She could still hear her father's voice ringing in her ears as she stood uncomfortably on Ben's doorstep, debating on whether or not she should knock.

Written for this request: "Can I get Some Benverly (Like Beverly is having trouble at home, and stays with Ben) pls?? :3"

Promise me we'll be good to each other

Author's Note:

I hope you all enjoy! Title comes from the song "Complicated" by Heavens to Betsy which always makes me think of Bev <3 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3hEx1BBdkq4>

Come say hi on Tumblr! <https://killerxqueer.tumblr.com>

Beverly wasn't planning on ending up at Ben's door when she ran out of her father's apartment. She didn't know what she *was* planning, but she knew it wasn't this. She could still hear her father's voice ringing in her ears as she stood uncomfortably on Ben's doorstep, debating on whether or not she should knock.

"Tell me you're still my little girl, Bevvie!" he had screamed at her, closing in on her, hands on her shoulders. *"What have you been doing out there with all those boys?"* he had roared. She felt like she could still feel the spittle flying into her face from his mouth. She didn't want to think about what had happened next. She couldn't think about it.

She was still shaking.

She could see a shadow moving on the other side of the curtains and almost jumped out of her skin. She was about to turn tail and run, but before she could the door opened from the inside.

"Beverly!"

And there was Ben Hanscom's round, surprised but smiling face looking back at her. She almost wanted to cry - the dichotomy of her father's face, red and swollen with anger and her friend's sweet hopeful face was almost too much for her but she was determined to keep her eyes dry.

"Sup, Ben from Soc?" she said with a weak smile, attempting to

sound casual and hoping that Ben didn't notice how hard she was trying.

"Whats--"

"Mind if I come in?" she asked, not wanting to allow the look of concern on his face to grow any further.

"Yeah, of course!" Ben said with a concerned smile, and stepped aside gesturing for her to come in. "My mom should be asleep, so don't worry!"

She smiled gratefully and stepped into the foyer, looking around at the photos on the wall. She let Ben lead her upstairs to his room, smiling slightly at the familiar New Kids on the Block poster on the back of his door. She sat down on the foot of his bed and looked up. He was still standing by the door, hand hovering over the handle and looking at her with a worried expression that she couldn't bear to see.

"So--"

"Are you--"

"You go ahead," she said with a stifled giggle.

"No, no!" Ben said, looking appalled with himself for cutting her off. "You go!"

This time Beverly allowed a full bodied laugh to escape her lips. It felt foreign, but she was grateful for it. All she wanted right now was to feel normal and laughter was a perfectly normal thing, right?

"Really Ben, go ahead," she said.

Ben bit his lip. She could tell that he was second guessing himself now. His right arm was crossed over his soft torso, nervously gripping his left.

"Are...are you okay?" he asked. He looked on edge, as if he was worried that if he said the wrong thing she might bolt.

He wasn't necessarily wrong.

“Sure, I am Ben!” She said, attempting to sound jovial but even she could tell how forced it sounded. “Hey, have you got a bathroom?” she asked in an attempt to change the subject.

“Uh...yeah, it’s right down the hall,” he said, that look of concern in his eyes still present and twisting up her insides. She stood up quickly, beginning to make her way back to the door. “I can show you!” he said, taking a step closer to her.

She let out a small laugh that sounded more like an exhale than anything else, and nodded, letting him lead her back out the door and to the bathroom a few doors down.

“Do you need anything?” he asked, to which she just shook her head.

“Thanks...” she said, looking down at him with a soft smile. She wished he wouldn’t be so concerned. “I’ll be right out, I just...” and her words fell short, not sure what else she could say. “Thanks.”

There was a moment of almost stunned silence from Ben, and she smiled slightly before turning away into the small tiled bathroom.

“You’re welcome!” he said belatedly, his voice eager as she closed the door behind her.

Beverly walked over to the small porcelain sink and looked at her reflection in the mirror. No wonder Ben had looked so concerned, she thought to herself, her fingers coming to land on the split in her lower lip. In the adrenaline of running from her father she hadn’t even noticed it. There was dried blood coming from the cut and she brushed over it, feeling the crust of it rough on her fingertips.

Beyond that she could see the faint outline of a bruise beginning to form around her left eye and there was a large goose egg forming over her right temple.

She looked worse than she thought.

She shook her head, looking away from her reflection and down at the sink, turning on the cool water and watching it flow down the drain for a moment. She could feel her heart start pounding as she pictured viscous red blood coming out of the sink and...

No. That wasn't real. None of it was real.

This was a normal sink in a normal bathroom, far away from killer clowns. Ben was right outside.

She cupped her hands under the stream coming from the faucet and bent over the sink, bringing her hands to her face. She felt the cool water splash across her skin, and wiped at the dried blood on her lips and chin, wincing at the sting as the cut re-opened.

A few drops of blood landed on the white porcelain of the sink. She closed her eyes again, steadying her breathing.

Not wanting to ruin Ben's mother's wash cloths, she reached for the toilet paper and pulled a wad of it from the roll, pressing it against her mouth. She could feel the small spot where her lip was bleeding soaking through the tissue, and dabbed at it a few more times before adding pressure, waiting for the blood to stop.

When it finally did, she took one last look at herself in the mirror. The bruise and the goose egg were still there but the blood was gone and there wasn't much else she could do.

Steeling herself with one final deep breath, she turned back to the door and opened it - only to find that Ben was nowhere to be found. She let out a breath she didn't realize she had been holding and quietly made her way back to Ben's room, opening the door just slightly ajar and peering inside for any sign of her friend. He wasn't there either.

She stepped inside and closed the door gently behind her, and allowed herself to walk quietly around Ben's room, eyeing the newspaper clippings and missing posters littering the walls and then making her way over to the bookshelf beside his desk. She smiled to herself as she looked through the titles. Ben had what looked like almost every Hardy Boys book there was and, to her surprise, even a few Nancy Drew books.

'Full of surprises, aren't you, New Kid on the Block?' she thought to herself, moving on to look at Ben's desk. His desk was covered in more library books and notes...it looked as if he had continued his

research despite the fact that the Losers Club seemed to have disbanded after their adventures at the Neibolt house.

But what really caught her eye were the notes peeking out from the pages of the books. She gingerly opened one of them to the first page that was marked with one of Ben's loose leaf sheets of notebook paper, and picked up the page.

There was nothing particularly special about it. Just commentary and dates written that presumably correlated to the page of the book that Ben had left it in, but that handwriting was so familiar.

She could feel her throat start to dry up.

'January embers...' she thought to herself, her eyes widening.

The door opened behind her. She quickly put the paper back where she had found it, closing the book and turned around, leaning on the desk and smiling at Ben who was standing in the doorway once more, with a nervous smile on his face and two glasses of water in his hands.

"I uh...I thought you might be thirsty," he said, holding one of the glasses out to her.

She smiled and walked over to take it, and sat back down on his bed, wanting to laugh at his confused face, clearly unsure of whether or not he should sit next to her or sit on the chair at his desk.

"Come on, I don't bite!"

Ben flushed scarlet, but obediently took a seat on the bed next to her. They sat there in silence for a few minutes. She was looking around the room, but could feel Ben's eyes on her, and could almost hear his mouth silently opening as if to ask her something, but thinking better of it and closing it almost immediately.

"So..." she started, looking over at Ben for the first time since they had sat down. "How did you know I was outside?"

"I uh...I didn't," he said. "I just saw the shadow outside and I was worried that it might be...you know..."

“The clown,” she said, nodding and looking back at her lap.

There was another long silence.

“I’m glad it was you.”

This time she laughed. “Glad to hear I’m a step up from an evil clown.”

“No, I didn’t-- Um-- I didn’t mean it like that-- I--”

“Cool it, Ben,” she said looking at him with a smile. “I was just kidding.”

“Oh...” he said, blushing once more. “Um, Beverly?”

“Yeah?”

“Are you...okay?”

She looked up at him. His face was so sweet and full of concern and it was breaking her heart. She didn’t want to tell him about her father. She didn’t want to tell him about what had happened. She couldn’t bear to unload all of that onto this kind person sitting next to her.

“You asked me that already,” she said quietly.

“I know...I just...”

‘Could tell you were lying,’ she continued in her head.

“I will be,” she answered.

Ben nodded. He could tell this was the only answer he was going to get and he wasn’t going to push. “Do you want to talk about something else?” he offered.

Beverly smiled at him gratefully, before getting up and crossing over to his bookshelf, and searching for a specific title. She found it, and pulled it out from the shelf before turning around and holding it up with a mischievous smile.

The Secret of the Old Clock

She laughed as an embarrassed flush filled Ben's cheeks once more and tossed it to him as she flopped back onto the bed once more, this time laying back with her hair splayed around her, and her legs hanging off the side of the bed.

"Read it to me, Ben from Soc," she said with a smile. "I love a good mystery."